

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



MR. CALDER IN MR. WINKLER'S OFFICE AGAIN.

THE HEIRESS OF CHEEVELY DALE.

CHAPTER XXII.—PATIENCE—PATIENCE—PATIENCE.

It may be remembered that the last person with whom Goldie, with the knowledge of the reader, held any communication was Nancy Carey. In a state bordering on frenzy, she had sought her missing child where he had said she would find her; and there, in a state of comparative ease, from the removal of immediate danger and the hope of her mother's speedy arrival, the girl lay, counting the passing moments indeed, and almost speechless with delight when her hopes were realized.

Nancy saw that removal that night would be impossible, but the rocky chamber in which she lay was one in which she had often been lulled to sleep by the surging of the waves and wailing of the wind. She had brought all the poor provision that her hut afforded—a bottle of milk and some oat cake: these she tenderly administered to her darling, trying to ease her posture by supporting her head on her knees. She was hungry—no uncommon thing with her, even to pain—but she applied her old remedy, a little tobacco, which, in her poorest times, she didn't dare to be without; this stopped the gnawing sense of want, and enabled her to remain

motionless for hours in her cramped posture, that she might not disturb her daughter's sleep.

Does the reader picture to himself a beautiful young girl, more lovely from the contrast with her unlovely parent? There was no other beauty in Nancy than that which compassion for blighted youth might invest her with. The exposure to which, in her infancy, she had been subject, and Nancy's entire ignorance as to the way in which to show her love by wise care, added to a sickly constitution inherited from her father, had written very intelligibly on her pale face "blighted before blossomed;" and her figure had suffered in like manner. In some of her scramblings among the rocks, with her baby in her arms, Nancy had probably injured her, unknown to herself, for one shoulder rose high above the other, and her head drooped on her chest. A dark suspicion that she had been the cause of her child's calamity sometimes crossed the mind of Nancy, and almost frenzied her. Willingly would she have sacrificed her own life to bless hers with health and joy; and when the young girl would at times sit panting on the cliff, trying in vain to mount it, her mother's eyes would rest so wistfully on her, so keen the sorrow of her look would be, so dark its self-reproach. But at times Nanny felt something like youth; and when she did, there was a wonderful brightness in her face, a yearning for enjoyment, and a sense of it too. All that had charmed Nancy in her girlhood was still more charming to her, for she had far keener natural perceptions; she was as much above her mother in these as she was deficient in bodily power.

While she slept in her turf bed in the warren—for the cave had been well-carpeted with turf by Nancy for her own accommodation in time gone by—her mother sat watching her irregular breathing, and the flush that was rising on her cheek as her sleep continued.

Satisfied since she slept, her mind occasionally reverted to other things—the cause of her being there; and if there ever was a throb in her heart that bore any comparison with her motherly love, it was that which vibrated when she thought of Goldie. He had saved her one earthly delight; at the risk of his own life, it must have been, he had preserved hers. As the value of his deed gathered increase while she dwelt on it, so did her gratitude kindle and rise. From that moment she was pledged—and the dark walls of the wild chamber echoed her vow—to spare neither life nor limb in his service, if the chance to serve him came in her way.

She had always felt kindly towards him—indeed, his daring, fearless spirit, and freedom with them, had made him a favourite with all the bay. Nancy, whose dormant sympathies had been awakened by the relationship of mother, had for him a sort of maternal regard; while his beauty, which she felt without understanding, filled her with admiration. His name among the men was "Captain"—one he delighted in—and Nancy had acquired the habit of thinking of him under it. When Goldie had encountered her with the news of Nanny's fall, he had charged her not to say she had met him. Nancy had few speculations; she was eminently matter-of-fact. To conjecture any reason for his wish was not in her way—perhaps hardly in her power; but to obey it was an obligation that required no instruction in—no enforcing. She knew the rector disliked his being so much among the men—she wondered the Captain liked it—he so bright and fair, to her like one of her favourite sea birds, when its wings glistened in the morning sun; and they so dark and evil, more like the loathsome bats that flitted about in the caverns at night. But he did like it; and she knew

it, and had many times kept her counsel as desired, when questioned as to whether Master Goldie had been on the bay, or was there. This, therefore, was but an old part to play.

On her return to the hut to procure what Nanny wanted while unable to walk and leave her present refuge, she was surprised by inquiries from all she met as to whether she could give any trace of him. Her habit was to be silent before answering a question, from want of words, so no suspicion arose from her pause now, followed as it was by a steady "No."

But was he lost, or had he hidden? Her business was supremely in the warren: she could afford no thoughts, no diversion of interest elsewhere; she retraced her steps, furnished with such dainties as her slender purse afforded, and determined, when she could leave her child, to go out in quest of him if he had not been discovered.

Poor Mr. Goldison, who walked up to the cliff facing his window, and back again, throughout the day, watching the return of each messenger sent forth to trace his nephew, was rendered incapable of any other exertion, so paralysed was he by the blow. In vain, while hope lasted, did his friend try to encourage him in the belief that he had walked to some seaport with a view of entering on a sailor's life, and that, as soon as he saw what rough work it was, and how unlike the pleasant, go-easy adventures he had read of in Paul Jones and other heroes, he would send a penitential letter or return barefoot and broken down, quite ready to eat humble-pie and take to his book. When day after day and week after week passed, and still the letter came not, nor did the wanderer return, he had his own misgivings that he had come to an untimely end among the holes in the rocks or in the sea, though he clung to the belief that in either case the body would have been discovered.

"I'll write to John Boyle: he must break it to Rosalie. Now don't give way, my dear fellow, pray don't; it's a most mysterious affair—it will be cleared up in a satisfactory way soon, I've no doubt; but in the meantime it's proper to let them know, or our numerous advertisements and descriptions in all the papers all over England will carry the news to them before they get it from us, which wouldn't be the thing."

Mr. Goldison gladly left the task in his hands; in fact, he seemed fast sinking into a state of entire incapacity, and Mr. Marveldine feared that his mind would not recover the shock. "Rousing is of no use, comforting is of no use, common sense is of no use; what is to be done?" he said to himself, as he looked with concern on the deep dejection in which he discovered him about three months after Goldie's flight.

"I can tell you one thing," he said to the rector, determined to try another way. "The people of Balla—your parishioners, I mean—begin to think you are not a man of your word."

Mr. Goldison started.

"They do; they think you have been saying one thing and meaning another."

An expression of anguish flushed the rector's face.

Mr. Marveldine was glad; anything better than that stupid eye-shutting, dead-alive state.

"Yes, in plain English; while you have been preaching to them about an overruling God, a God of love, you seem as if you did not believe in his existence."

The blood rushed to the rector's face: he covered it with his hands.

"And it looks very like it I must back them; for, look here, you have met with a great trial—a strange

one, I own—but is it one that an almighty God cannot deliver you from, or that an all-loving one will not?"

Mr. Goldison slowly moved his head in feyly.

"Very well; then up, and show the people that you believe in Him. I don't profess to be a deep theologian as you are, but I hold it that a practical confession is of more importance for a minister than twenty thousand hair-splittings in mysteries."

A silence of some seconds followed this speech, when Mr. Goldison rose, extended his hand, and in a voice scarcely articulate said, "You are right—I am ever failing; I am heaping crime upon crime."

"Of course, of course; it's making bad worse, isn't it? Well, now that you see that, it's all plain sailing: *face the thing*; you have had a great trouble, and there's more in store; don't let us blink it, but stare it out; I have had my share, remember. I have hardly been right since it happened; and, unlucky dog as I was, to have opened the door for him to run off by taking him to the Downs. John Boyce will not spare me; but—oh never mind me: there's nothing so easy to manage as a violent tongue, if you only know the way, and where one has had nothing but trouble already. He won't find that we shall consider any addition of it acceptable. I'm not afraid of him, no, no; let the worst come, I will stand by you—we will bear it together. Promise me not to open any Indian letters till I come."

As he was preparing to leave, he felt the chill of loneliness that must oppress the rector in his absence; with the feeling came the desire to relieve, and close on the heels of the desire, as was usual with him, the remedy.

"Don't you think you ought to look after little Violet? She's a wee thing, and very gentle, and there would be nothing wonderful or wonder-making in my bringing one of my young ones, of whom the Balla folks know nothing, to cheer you up a bit; there is a time when child company is the best, except when you have too much of it."

Mr. Goldison shrank from the thought.

"I shall bring her," cried his inexorable friend; "and by the time she has been here a week, you will remember whose child she is, and what you owe to her, and all the rest of it; and we shall have a fight for who is to keep her."

True to his word, little Violet was safely housed at the rectory immediately after, bringing with her her treasure of treasures—the last ship that Goldie had made for her—of which she had been strictly charged by Mr. Marveldine, and the eleven young Marveldines, and the nurse, not to mention the maker.

"You see, Mrs. Slipley, I entirely trust you in bringing this plaything for your master to you."

Mr. Marveldine said this with a quizzical look, which the housekeeper interpreted to mean, "You are in my power, so behave yourself, or take the consequences."

"She will be so lonely here," said the rector, with a sigh.

"Not in the least. It's a curious fact that she has never in the least assimilated with my tribe. She is an odd little fish, and likes playing alone. I think the Marveldine material is a shade too rough for her; she took wonderfully to—ahem!" said Mr. Marveldine, finishing the thoughtless allusion with a cough.

His prediction of her attractions was soon fulfilled. The rector grew increasingly fond of her day by day; and the housekeeper, who found in her a useful ally in the difficult task of restoring her master's spirits, gladly did her best towards reconciling her to the change of home. There was nothing to fear from her; gentle, and timid, and silent, the housekeeper felt that the ground

was clear before her; and, though she shared in the shock that was expressed for Goldie's strange removal, she was not at all sorry to be delivered from his espionage. Thenceforth Black Loddie's visits were frequent; but no sense of security lulled them into the indiscretion of sitting down to supper without shutting the shutter.

The reader may wonder that Mr. Marveldine did not open the rector's eyes to the true character of his housekeeper, after having had so direct a proof of her evil ways. But the discovery took place at a time when a change in his household would have been very inconvenient. The great grief of Goldie's loss would not have borne a feather's weight in addition. So he thought it best to wait and watch, being resolved to pounce on her at some future day, when no loophole would be left for her escape from conviction.

"How is your daughter, Nancy?" said the housekeeper, as she turned over the contents of the fish-basket.

Nancy gave a husky sort of mutter, and Mrs. Slipley considering she had done all that was needful by asking, took the answer for granted. "Ah, no; none of them. They're what poor Master Goldie was so fond of catching," she said, pointing to a particular kind of fish.

Nancy, resting her hand on the wall as usual, pointed with the other to what she had especially brought for the rector.

"Ah, it makes little difference now what I put for him: his appetite is just good for nothing. You've never seen a sign of anything like clothes, Nancy, have you?"

"Shouldn't I say? Don't I care about him next after her!" said Nancy, settling her basket.

"Well, he was a favourite with everybody; but I doubt, poor fellow, through his wilfulness he has gone to the bottom; he'll never come back again!" Before the housekeeper had finished the sigh belonging to this speech, Nancy lifting herself up, and adjusting the basket on her head, said, in a resolute tone, "He's not at the bottom, and he *will* come again."

Before the housekeeper could collect her wits to inquire her full meaning, the fishwife was striding down the little paved alley that led from the kitchen to the cliff.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A FLY OR A SPIDER, WHICH?

"THE paper not come! really, my dear, you are the most inefficient pretender to management of people and things that ever I heard of," said Mr. Winkler.

"It's strange that they have not sent it," replied his wife.

Mr. Winkler, be it observed, had come down to breakfast in a very poor temper, ready and willing to take exceptions at everything and nothing; and now he angrily retorted, "Strange! it would be stranger far if they did send it, or if anybody did anything that ought to be done when you are the presiding genius."

"I should think it must have come, and Stephens has forgotten to bring it up."

"Highly probable—there are so many ways in which I am exposed to suffer through you and your officials, that if I escape from one I fall through another."

And the irate gentleman walked to the window and threw it up, and put his head half-way out, as if he could not live entirely in the same room with his wife and Stephens, while the latter answered the inquiries of the former about the newspaper.

"The paper, ma'am? oh, dear!" said Stephens—"isn't it on the table? I thought I'd brought it up;" and she vanished with as well satisfied an air as if *forgetting* was one of the duties for which she received fourteen pounds a year.

Mrs. Winkler calculated that it would take but five minutes for her husband to get too much interested in the paper to continue his sarcastic reproaches; so she busied herself with her breakfast till the storm had subsided, and she was at liberty to peep into a little book by her side, while he was exploring the columns of the "Times."

When the paper rattled, she looked up to see if all his wants were supplied; but they had sat in silence some time, interrupted only by such exclamations as "Shockingly reported!" "Ruinous policy!" etc., etc., when Mr. Winkler remarked, "Why, here's another advertisement about that boy!"

"Boy?" said Mrs. Winkler, suddenly stopped short in her book.

"Yes—boy—the boy from that place—psa! don't you remember?"

Mrs. Winkler didn't remember any boy from any place, and answered, "I hope you don't mean to part with Thomas?"

"I do—but that's not to the purpose now—it's the missing boy I mean—that wiseacre at Balla's nephew—you know the name."

Mrs. Winkler did not; she would have given a fair price to be able to remember it, but she sat looking into her tea-cup and turning round her spoon in it.

"What a memory you have! Mistress and maids—heads like empty egg-shells: Goldison—that's the name—here's the reference."

"Goldison it is," said Mrs. Winkler; "and is he not found yet?"

"Not when this advertisement was put in."

"How very remarkable; and no traces of the body nor clothes?"

"Read it for yourself," said Mr. Winkler, who had gone to a subject much more interesting to him on another page of the paper.

Mrs. Winkler was willing to wait, but she thought with regret on the sufferings of Mr. Goldison, whom she had known in early life, and who had always seemed to her as the very kindest and most tender-hearted of human beings.

"A gentleman, sir," said Stephens, presenting a card to her master.

"What about him?" he asked, running his eye up and down the paper.

"Wishes to see you on particular business, sir," said Stephens.

"Did you say I was at breakfast?" demanded the lawyer, loftily, having glanced at the card.

"Yes, sir, I did; and he said he'd wait till you had done," said Stephens, serenely.

"The probability is that *he will*," said the lawyer. "Show him into my room."

"He's there, sir," said Stephens.

"That will do, Stephens," said Mrs. Winkler, who saw that the sooner her husband was left alone, the sooner he would be in a condition to meet his visitor, evidently not a profitable client.

"What does the fellow want?" said he, throwing the card across the table, so that his wife could read "Mr. Calder," upside down. That which it was impossible for *him* to tell, it would have been presumption indeed for her to guess at, but, by way of suggestion, she said, "A tenant, isn't he, of some trust-property? you said so last time he was here."

"Well!" said Mr. Winkler, throwing down the paper. "Repairs, perhaps—that is what one always expects when a tenant calls; or it may be to pay the rent."

"I thought he had left England."

"You thought. When did you ever think to a good purpose?" said Mr. Winkler, slamming the door as he left the room; by way of setting his seal to all his in-civilities.

Mrs. Winkler took up the "Times" to read the advertisement which had so often touched her with sorrow.

"Seneca calls that good man a fool—but he is a very kind man; and if he loved the boy, what a grief it must be to him;" and she was soon deep in the description of Goldie's person, and the circumstances attending his disappearance.

Mr. Winkler, on stalking into his room (for he *did* stalk), found his visitor, not sitting on a chair by the window, or by the little table covered with literature and flowers, which his good wife always dressed thus with care, in pity to any unfortunates that might have to wait her husband's pleasure longer than accorded with their own. No; Mr. Calder was standing by a writing-table where was Mrs. Winkler's desk; for it was in this room that she always wrote when copying law-papers: it was here she wrote the deed that became blotted, she knew not how, while in her possession. And, as he stood at the table, he appeared to be much interested in the papers that lay upon it, for he did not hear Mr. Winkler till he was close behind him. There were reasons for this besides his abstraction: the door had been closed, but not lock-clasped, the carpet was soft, and Mr. Winkler had on his "*lastics*"—so Stephens called his slippers; which, being somewhat in appearance like her indian-rubber galoshes, and perfectly noiseless, she supposed to be genuine *elastics*; and she was very cautious of her ways not to be caught surveying the world from a window, and gossiping at the door, until he had put on his boots, which were friends to fair-play; for, as she warned the cook, "When he's got his '*lastics*' on, there's no knowing when he's behind you."

Mr. Calder, being trapped by the said "*lastics*," looked rather foolish when the lawyer laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Too dry for amusement, sir; *that's* the public table," pointing to the aforesaid round one.

But, although it was not in nature to stand unmoved under those gimlet-like gray eyes, which did not at this time lose any of their piercing properties, with wondrous dexterity the discomfited Mr. Calder evaded the attack.

"I ask your pardon, I ought to have known better; but just look at this spider: it is an *Epeira Diodema*. I have been trying to get one for a long time. You, perhaps, are no entomologist: I am desirous of being one."

Mr. Winkler looked at him fixedly, as much as to say, "Gammon!" but, finding the offender stood fire, he looked at the spider and said, "An ugly brute. A witness against the housemaid, who ought to have knocked him on the head this morning; but perhaps she knew it was a—what?"

"An *Epeira Diodema*," said Mr. Calder, smiling.

"Ay, and saved him for you."

"You despise such pursuits, perhaps," said Mr. Calder; "for my own part, I am devoted to science. It is but lately I have taken up entomology; and I am anxious to add to my collection."

"Well, *our* vocation lies more in fly-catching," said the lawyer, with a grim smile; "but, if you have any fancy for that fellow, pray pocket him; and now, time being treasure, what may be your business with me?"

"Merely to ask if I may sublet the Rocky Heights for a short time."

"*Sublet the Rocky Heights!*" said Mr. Winkler, stroking his chin. "What! you are tired of it?"

"No, not so; but I am going abroad for some time,

and I find a dwelling in the neighbourhood is much wanted; so I thought, if I had your permission, it would be an advantage to me and others too."

"I can't prevent you, of course," said the lawyer.

"Of course you can!" said Mr. Calder.

"How?"

"By expressing your wish to the contrary. I am not ignorant of the difficulties I might get into by running counter to the intentions held by you in drawing up the covenant: I am just sufficiently long-headed, Mr. Winkler, to know when I am in the power of a longer head than my own."

Mr. Winkler could not conceal the pleasure he received from this homage, though he endeavoured to do it.

"Well, you are safe to do what you wish. I have no objection," he replied with urbanity.

"Thank you. Then I will let Mr. Goldison know; though he is, I believe, executor. I knew I must apply to you as agent for the property."

"Mr. Goldison! Does he want it?"

"Yes, I fancy his sister, a Mrs. Boyce, is about to return from India, and he wants a place for her temporarily."

"Boyce? oh, the mother of the missing boy?"

"The same, I conclude."

"Strange business that. I see it is advertised in the 'Times' again to-day."

"Very strange and very sad," said Mr. Calder. "He was a fine lad, neglected and unfairly treated, I should think; but hearsay evidence is nothing."

"When you can get better; but you surprise me. The rector of Balla is a most amiable man."

"Yes, I presume so. Young Boyce was, I believe, remotely heir to this very property?"

"Not very remotely. He would have succeeded to it—unless."

"Unless?" said Mr. Calder.

"Why, you look as if you had nearly caught another *Epeira Diodema*," said the lawyer, struck by the eagerness of his companion.

"Do I?" said Mr. Calder, laughing and colouring.

"Well, the truth is, I was interested in the child. I saw him occasionally on the beach; but what was the alternative you were about to speak of—the unless?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Winkler, with a look of quizzical cunning, which clearly conveyed, "Did you think you had me?"—"unless another should turn up."

"What, in the form of a child of the young lady who married contrary to approval?"

"Whoever is heir, you won't be disturbed as tenant, and you may sublet," said Mr. Winkler; "which is, I think, your business."

"Very true, very true; well, thank you for granting my request. I am trespassing on your time;" and Mr. Calder rose to go, for he saw that the lawyer was getting hard in his manner.

"Don't forget your pet," said Mr. Winkler, with a questioning look, pointing to the spider, which had shown symptoms of decamping.

Mr. Calder very gravely screwed up a small piece of paper, enclosed the spider, and swept it into his handkerchief, which he carried loosely in his hand, till, leaving the house and turning into another street, he shook it, and sent the *Epeira Diodema* to find its way back again to Mr. Winkler's, or anywhere else it might choose.

Meanwhile Mr. Winkler called his wife, and severely reproached her with leaving papers on her table; for he had seated himself on the chair nearest to it, and was

convinced that, unless his guest had much better eyes than he had, he could not possibly have seen a spider at that distance. "That fellow is—may the brute bite him! I verily believe he had some design under his palaver. I'll make a memorandum of this. Arabella, are you sure that all your papers are right? look over them, and see."

"Yes, dear, all but the buttermilk's bill; I don't see that, and I left it here, I am sure," she said, looking round and under the table.

"I saw him making a sarcophagus for his *Epeira Diodema* with a greasy-looking piece of paper," said Mr. Winkler, frowning terribly.

"That was it, then," supposing her husband had used a legal term to puzzle her; "it's of no consequence, I can get it made out fresh; it was merely my own memorandum."

"You are sure it was nothing else?"

Mrs. Winkler was quite sure that it was nothing but a piece of an old letter on which she had made her account for butter; and in telling her husband this, she thought, as he was in the habit of making mountains of molehills, it was as well to suppress the fact of its being a bill not on blank paper.

DOMUS DEI AT PORTSMOUTH.

An appeal has lately been made to the army, navy, and the public generally, for funds to restore the "Garrison Chapel, Portsmouth." This chapel, dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. Nicholas, formed originally a part of the Domus Dei, or God's House Hospital, founded early in the thirteenth century by Peter de la Roche (or *de rupibus*), Bishop of Winchester. It afterwards became a Chapel Royal. Here Charles II married the Infanta. Queen Anne presented massive communion plate, and King George III very handsome service-books. The building has long been used as a garrison church. It either contains or overshadows the remains of many distinguished officers of both services, among them being the renowned General Sir Charles James Napier.

The Domus Dei at Portsmouth was one of the earliest buildings set apart, in England, for the reception of the sick and afflicted. Hospitals existed in other towns under the same name, and in France called "Maisons de Dieu." These institutions took their origin from a similar foundation in Jerusalem for the relief of the poor and suffering crusaders. Those who had charge of the hospital in Jerusalem were the Knights Hospitallers (A.D. 1099), who afterwards, under the titles of Knights of St. John* (1121), Knights of Rhodes (1311), and Knights of Malta (1530), took so conspicuous a part in European history.

Pierre des Roches, or de la Roche, for his name is variously recorded, was afterwards the regent to whom King John intrusted the reins of government during his expedition to Poitou, in 1214, and whose illegal administration was one chief cause of that great combination among the barons which finally extorted from the Crown the charter of liberties, and laid the foundation of the English constitution. Notwithstanding his arbitrary principles and violent conduct, the Bishop of Winchester was a man of great courage and ability. When Pope Innocent III excommunicated the king, because of his opposition to the appointment of Cardinal Langton to the primacy, the Bishop of Winchester openly advised John to despise the Pope's excommunication. His advice was

* By the Knights of St. John was founded the Priory at Clerkenwell, the site of which is still marked by St. John's Gate.

not followed, but the king, contemptible as he was, had wit enough to appreciate both the boldness and wisdom of that advice, and Pierre des Roches became daily more powerful and overbearing as he rose higher in favour with his sovereign. On the death of John, in 1216, the Earl of Pembroke, then Marshal of England, became the guardian of young Henry III, a lad just nine years of age. But this wise and good man dying in 1218, the care of the youthful monarch devolved on the Bishop of Winchester and on Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciary. At first the latter, as he fully deserved, possessed the entire confidence of the king, who delighted to load him with honours and favours beyond any other subject. But the boy-king, in a fit of caprice, suddenly threw off his faithful minister in 1232, seized upon his treasures, and exposed him to the violent persecutions of his enemies. Henry now raised the Bishop of Winchester, who had been absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land since 1226, to the office of Protector; and by his advice a number of Poitivins were invited over to England, with the view of counterbalancing the great and rising power of the barons. The king, at the suggestion of Des Roches, dismissed all the officers of the court, and bestowed the vacant places upon these needy and greedy foreigners, and at the same time garrisoned the royal castles with Poitivins and other aliens. This gave great offence, and, finding remonstrance in vain, Richard, Earl of Pembroke, second son of the Protector, who, upon the death of his elder brother in 1231, had become Earl Marshal, along with the other great barons, took measures to compel the king to dismiss these foreigners in 1234, on which occasion the Bishop of Winchester shared their disgrace. He retired to his palace at Farnham, and did not live to see the breaking of the cloud which was then gathering over his royal master. He died in 1238, having occupied his see for thirty-four years.

The success of the barons at the battle of Lewes (18th May, 1264) placed the king a prisoner in their hands. The struggle, which was begun merely to secure the privileges of the barons, then joined by the clergy to check the extortionate demands of the king and the Pope's legate, and afterwards by the City of London and other corporate bodies in defence of their charters, was brought to a close; but so nicely were the two great contending powers, the king and the barons, then balanced, by the separation of the clergy from the former, that, although it had formed no original part of their plan, the victors, to strengthen their own hands, determined to obtain the sanction of the people to their proceedings; and hence a new power sprang up in the realm, which was ultimately destined to secure the just liberties of all. A Parliament was called, and the king forced to give orders that two knights from every county should meet to represent their respective shires, and deliberate for the general weal of the nation, and that two representatives of each borough should, for a like purpose, attend the national councils. This was the first meeting of the House of Commons.

To return to the subject which suggested this remembrance of the public career of Pierre des Roches. It is probable that during his visit to the Holy Land he saw the vast benefits of the hospital then under the knights of St. John, and resolved to found one at Portsmouth, which was, in the days of the crusades, as now, the chief port for the embarkation of troops.*

In the Middle Ages such hospitals, besides affording aid to pilgrims and travellers, were of great benefit to the towns where they were established. The brotherhood, both priests and laymen, the only skilled leeches of the time, attended the sick in the town as well as in the hospitals. In its original constitution the Domus Dei was as frequently presided over by a layman as a priest, and it was not till endowments became rich that they assumed the character of religious houses.

Of the original foundation nothing remains but the chancel of the church, used as the garrison chapel. It has three light lancet windows at the east end, and transition lights at the sides. It is one of the most interesting of the relics of the past; and the tourist who whiles away a few hours at Portsmouth ere he crosses over by the boat to the Isle of Wight will never regret the visit he may pay to it. There are many monuments within its walls, and while lingering in its sacred precincts the musical peal of bells of the mother church of St. Thomas à Becket, also built by Des Roches, though little of the original edifice remains, calls to mind the first planting of Christianity amongst us. "For this pleasant ring of bells," says De Foe, "were formerly in the Roman tower of the church of St. Mary-within-the-Castle at Dover, and were removed hence at the solicitation of Admiral Sir George Rooke, the victor at La Hogue, when member for Portsmouth. That ancient church was built, it is said, by Lucius, the first Christian king, and, having been desecrated by the abominations of Anglo-Saxon idolatry, was purified and re-consecrated by St. Augustine in the year 597. Henry VIII spared it from the general plunder, and it was not till the reign of our third William that it was suffered to fall into decay, and robbed of its monuments, its roof, and its bells. The better taste of the present age has again restored it, and this, perhaps the most venerable Christian fane in the land, is now the garrison chapel of Dover Castle."

To that mother church, the musical peal of whose bells has caused this digression, the founder of the Domus Dei at Portsmouth made it, in some degree, auxiliary and subject, both, however, being under the control and jurisdiction of the Prior of Southwick. Disputes soon arose, even before the death of the founder, between the master of the hospital and the vicar of the parish, as to matters of fees and discipline, which have little interest for readers of the present day. As time wore on, kings and nobles delighted to add to its endowments; so it became rich, and in the twenty-second year of Edward III the master of the hospital assumed the title of Prior, and received £5 yearly from the lands of William Overton le Frenchmore, near Brighton. Riches continued to flow in, and, as mesne-lord of several manors on the sea-board, the master of the God's House came in for a somewhat solid share of the produce and fines arising from wrecks along the coast. How these were shared between the chief and mesne-lord we learn from a curious entry in the Portsea "Records of Title." It would appear that during a storm, on the 1st of February, 1383, several vessels laden with wine were "endangered in the sea," and to lighten them it became necessary to throw their cargo overboard. Of this, three hundred casks stranded on the land of the lordship of Portsea, all of which the bailiff of the Abbot of Titchfield, the lord of the manor, impounded. It seems that the

* From Portsmouth Richard I had sailed, in 1190, according to Richard of Devizes, with one hundred ships and fourteen transports, each ship containing a crew of fourteen men and a steersman, besides forty horses and horsemen, well trained, and forty foot, and each transport having a double complement; a force little less than 12,000

men, besides the Neustrian contingent, which joined him on his landing, the whole accompanying him to Vezelai, on the borders of Burgundy, where he met King Philip, when the allied armies of England and France amounted to 100,000 fighting men.

ships, nevertheless, were wrecked, and only two of the hands saved. Upon this "the citizens of London, and the owners of the wine, prayed livery (delivery) of the said wine," upon proof that the goods so saved were their own, upon payment of a fine of £7 6s. 8d. to the abbot, and of £3 3s. 4d. to the master of the Domus Dei, because the goods were saved upon the soil of these two lords; so that it would appear that the chief lord was entitled to two-thirds, and the mesne lord to one-third of the fines paid for the restoration of the salvage.

The hospital, when visited by the commissioners in the reign of Henry VIII, was put down at the sum of £33 19s. 7d. of annual value, and upon its suppression it became vested in the Crown, as the residence of the governor, and the lands passed into the hands of the Powerscourt family. The seal is of the usual monastic shape and design, and bears the legend: *Sigillum Commune de Domus Dei de Portesmouth*. The hand stretching from a cloud is emblematic of the First Person of the Trinity; the cross, with angels in the act of adoration, of the Second Person; and the scroll beneath the cross, of the inspiration of the Scriptures and of the Third Person. The sun and crescent moon represent the creation.

Of similar institutions, the Domus Dei at Dover, founded by Hubert de Burgh for poor pilgrims, has fallen into a very different use, and one quite at variance with the intentions of the pious founder. It is the present town-hall, sessions-house, and prison! All that remains of the God's House founded by Queen Philippe at Southampton, in the reign of Edward III, for the maintenance of a keeper, some poor men and women, and several scholars, is now converted into an almshouse for four poor men and as many women, and the chapel, in which were buried the father and grandfather of King Edward IV, used as a place of worship for French Protestants. On the north wall is a tablet recording the illegal trial and execution, by Henry V, of the Earl of Cambridge, the grandfather of our fourth Edward. Other hospitals bearing the same name were spread over the land, one of which, at Hull, founded by Michael de la Pole in 1384, was pulled down in the civil wars, during the siege of 1643, but was afterwards rebuilt, and still is used as a hospital and infirmary.

Now that so much is being done in the metropolis and other large towns to supply hospitals for the sick, and homes for the convalescent, let us not forget the true Christian piety which threw the doors of the Domus Dei open to all who chose to avail themselves of its care and shelter in times of war, of famine, or of pestilence. None were refused, none were denied admittance; no poor man's hut, where sickness and sorrow called for aid, was passed by; the bruised conscience of the repentant sinner, no less than the ailments of the body, was cared for. In London we have magnificent and richly endowed hospitals, but they are not so accessible to the poor as they ought to be, and modern charity might take useful hints from the ancient beneficence of the Domus Dei.

PERILS OF PROSPERITY.—I once received in the pulpit the following note:—"The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for a man who is prospering in his worldly concerns." If he did this sincerely—and there is no reason to question it—the man showed good acquaintance with human nature. He had studied himself; he had observed others; he had also read his Bible to purpose.—*The Rev. W. Jay, of Bath.*

ON THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPELEY.

"Know'st thou the land where palm and citron grow,
And golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky,
Still stand the myrtle and acanthus high!
Know'st thou it well that land, beloved friend?
Thither with thee, O thither would I wend!"



HAD been to Egypt before, and on this, my second visit, I appointed to meet two of my old friends in Cairo, and with them hire a boat to proceed very leisurely about eight hundred miles up the river to the Cataracts of the Nile. Be not apprehensive; I have no thought, patient reader, of

soliciting your continuous companionship through this long journey. I wish merely to take you up, so to speak, here and there; to invite you at intervals,

"Now to a feast, now to a picnic, a wedding, a funeral!"

yes, even to a funeral! Why should we glance aside from what is an inevitable condition in this transitory order of things? In fine, to get you comfortably settled in an easy chair on deck, in the broad shadow of our lateen sail, swelling gently to the summer breeze; and there, on quiet sunny afternoons—heedless of the dreamy, murmuring current, which flashes and laps at our side—to look abroad and gather passing lessons as we are so borne on through the gliding landscape.

I embarked at Liverpool one dreary December morning, when the world, drenched and dripping, seemed utterly given over to the chilling influence of fog, and a blinding sleet, which lashed into your face along the sloppy quays with the force of a nine-thonged whip; and fifteen days afterwards I sailed into the blue crystal soundings of the Alexandrian sea, on as bright and genial a summer day as ever strayed northward to gladden the summers of dear old England—brighter in point of fact, for the sun never pours down such a volume of light on our northern shores. I revelled in it as a bather in the sea. That is the first thing, I fancy, which strikes you in Egypt, the splendour from above steeping every scene in a flood of light and colour.

There is a railway between Alexandria and Cairo, 120 miles of road; so that your entrance into Egypt proper is effected in a manner as seemingly incongruous in that land as would be the plying for hire of elephants and camels in the London streets in lieu of omnibuses. However, it is a boon, for the traveller is usually anxious to pass quickly through the Delta on to Cairo.

Of course it is impossible to maintain Western discipline in Egypt; thus the departure platform of the Alexandria station presents a picture of busy life such as no European who has had to fight his way therein will easily forget. A staid and respectable porter, fresh from the Great Western, say, would there be driven hopelessly wild in a week. Scandalous tongues attribute

even to the Italian ticket-clerk periodical fits of madness. He may be seen, they say, in his little box in paroxysms of stamping, tearing of hair, strong language, and otherwise letting off of steam.

Panting and breathless with half an hour's strife about

solemn Turks and crafty-looking Jews; there were the weak struggling with the strong: in fine, every one, being left to his own devices, fought his own battle—self against the world. Twenty recruits, fine brawny Abyssinians, powerful fellows in white tunics, with bare



FELLAS IN THE DESERT.

tickets and baggage, I threw myself into the near corner of a comfortable carriage and looked out upon the tumult. There was a motley crowd of wily Greeks, dusky Arabs, and soft-featured Syrians before me—men, women, and children in every variety of costume and no costume; a mob of women pushing aimlessly, of men gesticulating and shouting vehemently. I watched two sharply-featured pedlars in baggy trousers, shawls, and wonderful turbans, who were elbowing their way, bowed beneath a weight of merchandise; they met in mid-career, butted, fell, and mutually expostulated as they lay sprawling amid their scattered and intermingling wares. Many a one stumbled over them, but no man came to their aid. Then there were water sellers, sweetmeat sellers, bread sellers, persistently pestering everybody; ghostly women in white, visible as human only by their flashing dark eyes and naked feet, sitting hither and thither in frantic search for a lost husband or friend. There were

black legs, chubby faces, and dark lustrous eyes, were being packed away in a carriage apart, man chained to man. They made no show of resistance; in fact, every now and then, as some passing joke struck a laugh from them, you saw their broad chests heaving with laughter.

Three compartments of the waggon adjoining were devoted to the harem of some Egyptian grandee, probably removing to his winter residence in Cairo. Very full of fun and frolic were these ladies. It was easy to observe, although, indeed, each was strictly veiled, and in outward show more suggestive of a perambulating bolster than a human being—how joyous they were to be free truants from their cloistered home, even for a day, ready for a romp as a bevy of school girls. Two or three though, more advanced, evidently looked down somewhat superciliously on this light behaviour of the rest, and became huffed at it, much as a

mother puss would be at the impertinent levity of her kittens.

Could these women ever be happy, thought I—happy as wives or mothers? Were they fit, either by education or moral worth, to take part in their husband's joys and

I marked, however, that my companions soon succeeded in consoling themselves. In ten minutes sunshine had chased away the shadows. The men had taken kindly to two enormous chiboukes and became hilarious over a game of beans. I wondered, though, whether



TOMBS ON THE EDGE OF THE EASTERN DESERT.

sorrows, or to walk pilgrim-like by his side in life's rough road? Were they helps meet for man? Could they as mothers—? But, ere I finished my musings, lo! a fat bloated eunuch, a hideous blear-eyed creature in charge of the women, strode forward, stood at the carriage threshold, and bundled them in. So I saw them no more.

There travelled with me in my compartment two Egyptians and a Dervish. The latter was a wild hairy man clad in a rough brown tunic and leathern girdle, given now and then to strange maniac mutterings and contortions of face, but who, in lucid intervals (which, on the whole, prevailed), sat quiet in his corner and smoked like a chimney. The two Egyptians, apparently well-to-do Alexandrian shopkeepers on a flying business visit to Cairo, jumped in at the last moment. They had been detained on the threshold by four or five women, wives and daughters, I suppose, who set up a wail of anguish at their departure. It was pitiful to see the big tears coursing down the cheeks of one of the younger as she played nervously with the necklace hanging over her bosom, a delicately-featured girl whose frame shook with grief. What a tempest for a few days' separation! She was clad, as were the rest, in a simple robe falling straight to the ankles, and wore a veil cast back from her head over the shoulders. A little half-naked urchin clung disconsolately to her knees, taking in evidently one of his earliest lessons in woe. Then there were mutual embracings, kissings, and passionate sobs, and so the train rolled off.

those left behind were equally happy. Likely enough. They care not to hide their feelings, these children of the East. Whatever comes uppermost is fearlessly shown; but it soon passes. You are constantly, in your wanderings, edified by little bubbleings up of affection, anger, spite; and ever are met, now by some touching episode of domestic life, now by an unmitigated quarrel. By-and-by, though, you see that these emotions are too transient to be deep—mere surface agitation—so you get hardened, economical in your pity; tempests of sorrow cease to affect you; you have become a niggard in sympathy, and almost find it in your heart to be amused.

But we are now scouring across the Delta at the rate of—well, more than fifteen miles an hour. No Cairo "Express" is as yet known. The most fertile, but least interesting part of Egypt, lies before us; that triangular tract of flat land through which the Nile, formerly by seven, now only by two, diverging branches (the other five being closed), empties itself into the Mediterranean. We first skirt the shores of Lake Marcotis, stretching away to westward, like the lagoon of an inland sea. Those broad patches of dazzling white, on the rushy sandbanks, cropping up here and there through the glassy waters, are flocks of pelicans; their downy plumage glitters in the morning sun; and as they rise in the air—for something has disturbed them (not the train—like cattle, they have become used to that)—it is as though a thick cloud were passing across the heavens, whose far-spreading shadow you see travelling over the fields.

In the midst of the broad green landscape to eastward, where larks are singing above the waving corn, and where, low on the herb, the tremulous heat is dancing as upon a sea, there are dotted here and there, principally on the horizon, straggling clusters of palm-trees. Each shelters a little mud village, the home of the lowest Egyptian peasantry, and of *fellahs*, who till the soil. The road passes through one or two of these.

Doubtless it is a monotonous landscape to look out upon, especially as you have the seven best hours of the summer day thus to spend. However, there is a certain charm about it. Besides, it so happens that the high road from village to village runs immediately parallel with the rail; thus from the window you can survey the passing traffic. Now, even an English country lane, on market-days, will afford amusement, what with farmers' carts, jovial rustics, and buxom housewives trudging homewards with their weekly stores; but this, if you are so minded, much more, for here the wayfarers appear to have walked out of story-books, and there is a string of them too, like the succession of shadows from a phantasmagoria. Perpetual market-day also seems to prevail at one place or another, to give you a fair study of Egyptian life—its odd manners and strange dresses—to pass the time.

One of the first things that struck me—and groups illustrative of it often repeated themselves along that high road—was the relative adjustment of labour considered fitting as between man and wife, on their marketing expeditions. Of course a donkey was of the party. Every well-to-do Egyptian owns a donkey: it is part of the family. But the husband invariably sat astraddle thereon, while the wife, with native politeness, followed barefoot behind! Assiduous as she always seemed in driving the beast to that speed her good man desired, you might naturally have argued that such delicate attention would have led him at least to carry the purchases. But no: ordinarily I saw her trudging patiently on, like a classic *Canephora*, a huge basket poised gracefully on her head, steadied by one finely-rounded arm, the other being left free to goad on the ass. As for her turbaned husband, he sat there high and mighty as a peacock, humming a song and complacently swinging his brown legs to the time of the donkey's march; and yet, seemingly, so far as I could judge, the wife took kindly to this arrangement. She went her way—a little dusky boy or girl frolicking by her side, light-hearted and blithesome; always intent, however, on the nod of her more fortunate, if not better "half." "Half," though, would not invariably apply, for more than once I saw two wives following; in which case I presume division would go by thirds.

ON THE RAIL.

DAMANHOUE. Damanho—oo—oo—r! The train has drawn up, with a shriek, at this village. A sleepy-eyed, bronze-shouldered, bare-legged fellow, with a big bell, cries out the name, finishing it off with a prolonged howl, by way of emphasis. This gentleman, after a relapse or two, squats quietly down on his haunches in the dust—there is no platform—resumes his pipe, hugs his knees, and serenely contemplates the travellers as they descend. We are stayed in the midst of a labyrinth of mud dwellings, the road on a level with what is, I suppose, the public Place. It is a huddle of houses, populous with crowds of queer inhabitants, very scant of dress, who are now clustering in every available patch of shadow, like bees at the hive door. They hardly turn an eye to take note of us, though we are stranded in the

midst of them. It would compromise their dignity, I presume. They have arrived at Horace's *nil admirari* unconsciously.

Most of the travellers descend for a rest, and shake themselves deliberately. No fear of the train going on. They do not hurry you on *this* rail. A number of little urchins are about, selling sugarcane. It is a favourite refreshment, more sought after than oranges, a few halfpence a stalk. Most people buy, cut, or break it up into convenient lengths, and begin the attack. Soon all the world is chewing sugarcane. Some of the motley company are squatted in the dust; some taking a turn; but all are in various stages of difficulty with this luscious reed. Such as have a regard to appearances gnaw at it delicately, but the greater part are seen with cheeks puffed out, struggling desperately with the sugary joy. Moreover, they gesticulate, and try to talk and chew at one and the same time. Thus you have an amusing picture before you.

My two friends, the merchants, now thoroughly jovial, beaming with good-nature and perspiration, get out and shake themselves. So does the dervish, but solemnly. It being now high noon, he unrolls his praying carpet, spreads it decorously in the dust, a little apart, kneels, and faces towards Mecca, and says his prayers.

What queer places these mud villages of the Delta are. From afar, how picturesque! but from near, how very disenchanting! There is always a group of outlying palms. The clustering huts—for these are not detached or distributed among the trees—built up of brown mud, plastered roughly on, handful by handful, to the height of six or eight feet, are each roofed over with a layer of palm branches; a heavy sprinkling of dirt being carelessly thrown thereon, to baffle any chance gust of wind. Here, on this uncertain roof, cats reside and hens roost, who, by their scrabbling, rain down dust on the human dwellers below. A little loophole, high up, and a door, complete the arrangement.

In this village, as before said, all the inhabitants appear to be assembled in the public Place—to eat, drink, and live there, *en famille*, as it would seem. Wizen old grandmothers, toothless and weary, are crooning in the low doorways, under a broad palm-leaf stuck in the mud lintel for shadow. Evening with them must be far on, the grim bridegroom very near; yet they are gaily decked out as for another bridal. Rows of gaudy bracelets are jingling loose on their skinny arms, nose-rings swinging upon faces scarcely human, and thick anklets of brass or bone encircling their shrunken limbs—a ghastly exhibition of woman's deathless passion for finery! Then there are turbaned grandfathers and fathers gravely squatting under the walls, puffing lazily at the chibouke, and solemnly discussing some high matter.

A few matrons seated in conclave giving suck; groups of younger women, tattooed and swartly, lolling and basking in the glaring sunshine; fifties of little unclad dusky urchins, rollicking and tumbling in the deep dust, ducking into it, and piling it on one another like children at play with the loose sea sand; a gathering of enterprising hens, very conceited, and perfectly at home; pigeons, too, on easy terms of intimacy; and always and everywhere lank hungry dogs prowling warily in search of loose offal—such, under a scorching sun, is the picture of village life before us. Not a soul seems to have any work to do, or desires to gratify beyond the passing hour. It is the life, so you might think, of a higher class of animals. You can detect no

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THE CALL TO PRAYER.

care: mere existence is a pleasure; and as there is no strict schoolmaster in shape of *mind* to inflict discipline or rebuke, the body has an easy time of it.

But we are again on our way. Long strings of laden camels, carrying cotton or corn to Alexandria, pass us silently and disappear: the broad spongy foot of the camel makes no sound. Hassan rides gaily on the foremost beast, ducking to each step, and trolling his matin song. The rest, docile and sedate, tied in rank head to tail, follow in turn. A bey in gaudy flowing garments and clanging scimitar, lackeyed by servants on horseback, flashes past in a cloud of dust. Swarthy peasants are sauntering through the corn-fields, or resting from the noontide heat under a grove. There is a group of merry girls gossiping around a wayside well, sporting and splashing in playful humour; and others, carrying pitchers of classic shape, trudge bare-foot homewards.

It is the mid-day hour of prayer. Wayfarers here and there are halting in the silent noon to go through their devotions. A rigid Moslem—he he in his shop, or under sail, or on a journey—is ever scrupulous as to his prayers. This is no closet worship. He makes no secret of it. You would not be uncharitable, perhaps, in considering it rather an ostentatious proceeding. This is why, on my journey, I took note of many so occupied. Some had spread their carpets by the wayside, others in the flickering shadow of a palm. There were also such as, having no carpet to spread, being poor, knelt down on their garment laid in the dust. One good man had cast his donkey adrift. The ass, cunning fellow, quickly found pleasant pasture amid the tender corn in an adjacent field; and there he stood, with one eye on his prostrate master, nibbling in hot haste, and doubtless approving most highly of the Prophet's institution. I watched a grandee about to commence his prostrations. Two horsemen—his servants—sumptuously attired, with pistols and dirks stuck in their silken girdles, dismounted, and were laying out their master's carpet. It seemed a royal road to heaven this; and in my mind I was taking that dandy son of Islam to task, when a sudden remembrance checked me. I thought of a church in a certain parish I knew, where gorgeously-liveried footmen might be seen on Sunday mornings escorting their mistresses up long aisles into snug pews, laden with piles of prayer-books to deliver at the door. The cases were so parallel, the distinctions of class so ostentatiously paraded at a moment when all should be and are equal, that I was driven off into a sidelong train of thought, and began to wonder what a pious Moslem's opinion might be on more than one of our fashions and observances in the matter of religious worship.

It is not pleasant to be interrupted in any occupation, but to disturb a Mussulman at his prayers is a very serious thing. For if he speaks in answer to you, or his attention is withdrawn, either by turning the head or otherwise moving his position, the prayer goes for nought; he must begin again. An illustration of this occurred while we were stayed at Damanhour. The swarthy, bare-legged official before mentioned, waking into life after some twenty minutes' repose, rung his bell to start the train, at a moment when two pious men were on their knees in the dust, but half way through their prayers. Placed in imminent peril of being forsaken, these good Moslems cast a wistful glance at the passengers hurriedly crowding in, and gabbled faster than ever, in hopes of getting to the end ere the fatal moment should come. Their virtuous efforts, however, availed them not. They were forced

to give in. The train would not stay. I saw them reluctantly snatch up their carpets, and scamper to their places in a most undignified manner.

I do not like comparisons: they are odious, as the copy-books say; but I recollect once to have seen a Roman priest in a similar predicament. His way of getting out of the difficulty was more easy, though. We were travelling together by rail in sunny Provence, he and I in the same compartment. Conversation was started, and soon flowed freely; I found him an agreeable companion; but when the talk flagged, he brought out his *missal*, and, after crossing his breast, and reciting the preliminary *In nomine Patris*, etc., he settled himself in a snug corner, and went through his appointed portion in a kind of half-audible whisper.

Long before you reach Cairo the Desert creeps into view. From the left window of the carriage you see it looming on the eastern horizon, like a coast of cloud-land veiled in an amethyst light. First a drift of delicate rose-coloured haze, then a luminous bank of purple, and then the faint lines and undulations of that sandy sea become manifest. Yes; that is THE DESERT—the wild, dreamy, desolate Desert, over which the sons of Jacob went and came on their weary quest for corn; over which Moses led Israel from his bitter bondage; over which Pharaoh's proud hosts, hotly pursuing, rushed blindfold to their doom.

The first sight of the Desert strikes you with feelings akin to those called up by the first sight of the sea. There is the same indefinable sense of melancholy, the same wild majesty, the same mystery. Both speak to you with one voice; but the speech of the Desert is deeper than that of the ocean. There is a profounder calm in the Desert than in the sea! Both, indeed, are subject to paroxysms of unrest—are torn and wracked by tempests—are lashed suddenly into storm, changing colour and aspect in moments of dull ungovernable fury. But the passion-fit soon passes; the abiding sentiment is calm.

Plainer and plainer, as you travel on, grows the Desert upon you. The green land ceases suddenly, like a shore. Beyond that fertile frontier, curveting in bays and headlands, all is waste—arid rock and barren plain. You watch, until the broad sandhills fill up the horizon; and then, looking where the ceaseless sunshine plays on a seeming belt of mist, mantling it in tints of exquisite loveliness, and flushed with all delicate hues, inconceivable as the sea, to him who has not beheld them, you know that stretching far away lie boundless deserts—unknown tracts, where even the wild Arab has scarcely penetrated. Nearer to you, however, though not within ken, is the Wilderness of the Wanderings, and the awful mountain group of Sinai—Gebel Mousa. Petra, also, the Rock City of Edom, now the wild Bedouin's lair, as the crow flies is not very far distant. But nearest of all—and you can even now almost follow the track of a caravan creeping slowly over those shifting sands—lies the old route “up” to Canaan; the old route which has never changed; the route by which Abraham “went down into Egypt;” the route by which you, fellow-traveller, if you be so minded, will, after wintering in Egypt, “go up” into Palestine.

THE BUSH ON FIRE.

MONDAY, the 27th February, 1865, will long be remembered in Victoria. At Melbourne from an early hour

in the morning the wind from the north commenced to blow with great force, and the blast could only be likened to that which proceeds from the mouth of a furnace. There was no sun visible throughout the day, but the

morning the sun rose large and round and red; the sky was cloudy and obscure; and before long there came a breeze from the north-north-west—a breeze from the tropics—that burnt as it blew. In Melbourne the heat



THE FIRE AS SEEN FROM THE RAILWAY CARS.

heat was terrific, accompanied by clouds of dust. Bush fires raged in all parts of the country. On the line of railway between Taradale and Elphinstone the bush was on fire on both sides of the line, and the train had to run the gauntlet through the dense volumes of smoke, while the burning timber presented a grand sight as the flames extended in quick succession from tree to tree. From all parts of the country most heartrending accounts were received of the destruction of property; and the day will henceforth be known as "Black Monday." So disastrous a day had not been known in the colony since the memorable "Black Thursday" of a former year.

When the news came to England, the contrast in climate sounded strangely. While Englishmen at home were shivering and freezing, Englishmen in Australia were almost calcined by heat. It was remarked at the time that the climate of the antipodes, if not more changeable than our own, is quite as trying; and its extremes, whether of warmth or cold, are terribly intense. You have in Australia mountains that are as white with snow as the European Alps, but you have also deserts sandy and waste as the African Sahara. On the 27th February, the fiercest torrid wind began to blow, and the whole land grew incandescent. In the early

was so terrible that strong men, paralysed and beaten, could only crawl into their houses for shelter; the burden was felt in every vein and nerve, in every cell of the brain, in every muscle of the body. Looking, as they fled, at the dull, lurid sky, the people knew that the country was on fire. Hotter and hotter grew the day; in the houses men flung themselves into bed, only to rise from it fevered and fatigued. The glare increased; the hot breath of the wind struck like a blow upon the cheeks of those who were compelled to face it—it was close, stifling, suffocating. Such days have often been the preludes to an earthquake; but the hours rolled slowly on, and there was still no sudden upheaval of the earth. Melbourne was safe; and at last, the passion of the heat seeming exhausted, there came a change. The wind, which had been blowing from Java and Sumatra, veered round; and then, rich with the savour of the sea, delicate and cool and sweet, the soft South blew freshly on the city. It was a happy moment when, gazing through the dull fiery haze of the air, observers saw the first move of the clouds; and happier yet when the wind brought with it the rain. Down came the drops, slowly at first, then with a brisk and merry patter; the atmosphere was cleared; and the horrors

of "Black Monday," at least for Melbourne itself, were over.

In bank, office, warehouse, and wharf there was rejoicing; an awful day had drawn towards its close without inflicting half the calamities that had been feared; but meanwhile how was it in the bush? At night telegrams followed each other in swift succession, recording the simple fact that the country was in a blaze. Digger and squatter, stockman and planter, had been forced to run for their lives. The flames spread merrily, garrulously cracking through the bush; the coaches on the roads were almost outstripped and destroyed; and even round the railway trains there was a quivering and angry light. Like a pack of wolves, the flames rushed forward. "From Geelong to Ballarat was nearly a line of fire;" huts were burnt to the ground, and homes laid waste. North of Melbourne, in the vast track covered by the Black Forest, "Black Monday" was even fiercer. In the shade the thermometer stood at a hundred and five degrees, and old Australian travellers were amazed and overwhelmed by the wonderful character of the day. All along the rolling hills "millions of trees and logs were burning;" and it was a glorious sight, as past the rolling volumes of smoke leapt forward the swift flames in advance. Nor at night did the glare abate. Though the south wind had cooled Melbourne, the outlying country was still devastated. At length the fires burnt themselves out, and ruined stations, wasted stacks, barns black and bare, remained to point the history of the conflagration.

Some brief extracts from newspapers will give a vivid idea of the scenes of "Black Monday." The "Mount Alexander Mail" wrote:—

"The scene, as witnessed from the railway cars, is described as being grand in the extreme. Lofty trees were all in flames, looking in the distance like huge candelabra. The smoke was intolerable, and travellers by the trains were glad to shut the windows to keep the nuisance out. Speaking of the bush fires in the neighbourhood of Taradale, a correspondent writes:—'This (Monday) afternoon, the inhabitants of Taradale were terrified by the approach of fire towards the township. The fire bell was rung, and the inhabitants turned out *en masse*. The Mayor, and other of the principal men of the town, directed the efforts of the men in extinguishing the fire. The whole country north and west of Taradale appeared in one sheet of flame, and the sky was filled with smoke. The fire seemed to have come from the direction of Mount Alexander, consuming everything in its course. The fire towards nightfall presented a magnificent spectacle.'"

"Round the township of Kyneton the fire caught about 3 o'clock, and swept everything before it with the force of a whirlwind, bidding defiance to any steps to stay its progress. It destroyed dwellings, outhouses, barns, stacks of corn, and the entire produce, in an incredibly short space of time."—*Kyneton Observer*.

"The bush fires which were burning in every direction around Sandhurst were unprecedented in the memory of the oldest resident of the district. To the southward, in the direction of the Upper Sheepwash, and between that and Mount Alexander, the immense volumes of smoke in the day time, and the red glare at night, indicated that an extensive bush fire was burning, while in a south-easterly direction similar appearances told of the progress of fire in that direction. One just beyond the One Tree Hill, at the Sheepwash, burnt fiercely last night; and another, apparently between the Axe and the Campaspe, seemed extensive, though farther off. We were informed by a gentleman who arrived from Echuca, by the evening train, that the whole of the bush in the neighbourhood of Goornong, and, indeed, on both sides of the line from Runnymede to the latter-named place, was burning fiercely. In the direction of Huntly, and between there and the Whipstick, there were bush fires; away towards Myer's Flat immense bodies of smoke and flame were to be seen throughout the day, and again in the direction of Bullock Creek and Lockwood there were extensive fires. To the north-east a large fire was also visible last evening, but at a great distance off. The appearance of the horizon around Sandhurst last night,

before the rain began to fall, was remarkable, for in every direction fires lit up the dark canopy of clouds with a lurid glare."—*Bendigo Advertiser*.

"Mount Moriac was yesterday the scene of a conflagration that will be remembered for some time by many of the inhabitants of the district. It was a road board day, and during the sitting the alarm was given that the whole mount was on fire. The board at once adjourned, and each member sallied forth armed with a sack, the bough of a tree, or anything that came first, in fact, to hand, and prevented the fire crossing the Mill road, in which case a large quantity of easily combustible property would have fallen a prey to the flames. Far away to the right, as now and then the wind partially cleared the atmosphere of the dense smoke, bodies of red fire were distinctly visible, as of burning buildings or stacks. A splitter saw at some distance his hut, in which he had left his wife and child, in flames, and he took the first horse he could get and rode to them through fire and smoke, so fierce and suffocating at times that it was dangerous to approach it. It appears that on Saturday a fire was kindled by some splitters on the mount, and it is probable, therefore, that yesterday's disastrous conflagration was owing to the embers then left smouldering."—*Geelong Advertiser*.

It is pleasant to add that amidst all the scenes of danger no lives were known to be lost. The generous charity of the colony was also nobly exhibited. Large subscriptions were made for those whose property had been destroyed, and £50,000 was voted by the Government to relieve the sufferers by this unforeseen and irremediable calamity.

MORMON MIRACLES.

AMONG the many arrogant pretensions of the Mormons, or Latter-day Saints, is the power they lay claim to of working miracles. On page 86 of the "Book of Doctrines and Covenants," the following promise is recorded in a pretended revelation made to the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, jun.: "And these signs shall follow them that believe:—in my name they shall do many wonderful works; in my name they shall cast out devils; in my name they shall heal the sick; in my name they shall open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf, and the tongue of the dumb shall speak; and if any man shall administer poison unto them, it shall not hurt them, and the poison of a serpent shall not have power to harm them." And again, on page 132: "I came unto mine own, and mine own received me not, but unto as many as received me gave I power to do many miracles." The instances cited by the Mormons in proof of their possession of miraculous powers are very numerous; we shall not, therefore, avail ourselves of any of the statements current amongst their opponents, and which are denied by the Mormons as fabrications, but select in preference some specimens of their miracles, as recorded in their own monthly publication, the "Millennial Star." In vol. ix. page 231, in a letter addressed by an elder to Mr. Orson Spencer, one of the so-called twelve apostles in the Mormon Church, an account is given of a terrific conflict between some Mormon elders and the Powers of Darkness, which issued in the defeat of the latter, and the casting of three hundred and nineteen devils out of a Mormonite priest and a female "saint," whom they had possessed.

"Leamington Spa.

"DEAR BROTHER SPENCER,—I have heard it stated by some that the devil is bound, and we are enjoying the thousand years' rest; but I think that what has taken place amongst us will show that, instead of the devil being bound, he is loose, and is exercising more power than he has done for some time past. Our Conference was appointed to be held on Sunday, June 20th, at

Coventry. In order to attend it, brother and sister Freeman came with brother Currell, who had been proposed at the council-meeting at Stratford-on-Avon to be ordained to the office of a priest; but as soon as he had expressed his willingness to take the office, some evil spirits (devils) entered him, and declared that he should not be ordained, and if he went to the Conference they would go to. On the road the devils entered brother Currell several times, and were as often rebuked by elder Freeman, in the presence of many people, to whom he bore a faithful testimony. At length they arrived at Leamington Spa, in order to remain the night; but as soon as they entered the house, the devils began to rage and swear. I got to the house about nine o'clock in the evening. I had scarcely got in before they began to swear at me. I rebuked them, and they came out of him; but as fast as one lot went, another came, declaring Currell should not go to Coventry, each party tearing him, and trying to kill him; thus they continued till one o'clock, when we lay down until five, when another party came, swearing that we should not take him to Conference, and tried to choke him. We cast out several lots until eight o'clock, when five of us started to take him with us to Coventry, ten miles distant. Several times we cast them out on the road; but in coming to Stoneleigh the struggle was fearful. However, we rebuked them in the name of Jesus, after they had declared we were the servants of the Most High God. As many people were gazing at us, we bore a faithful testimony to them, and went our way. As we drew near to the city we attracted the attention of the people who were walking out, for the devils came oftener, and stronger, swearing by the God that made us that we should not take him to Conference. By this time a number of the brethren from Coventry met us. I got them to carry brother Currell, while I walked by his side, and rebuked the devils as fast as they came. We arrived at the room at about half-past eleven o'clock, a great crowd following us. I endeavoured to speak to them, but the foul spirits came so often, and, what with the noise and confusion of the people, I thought it best to close the meeting. While we were preparing for dinner, some stronger devils took possession of brother Currell. We expelled them, when in came two policemen and took brother Currell to the police-station. I went with him, others following, amid the insults and hooting of the mob, to the station. The superintendent, on hearing the case, ordered brother Currell to be locked up for having a devil, and me for casting him out, and thus causing a disturbance. In about two hours we were let out on bail. We arrived at the room about three o'clock, and commenced the business of the Conference. Among others it was voted 'that brother R. Currell be ordained to the office of a priest.' When we laid our hands upon him, the devils entered him, and tried to prevent us from ordaining him; but the power of Jesus Christ in the holy priesthood was stronger than the devil; and after all the endeavours of the powers of darkness to prevent us, in the name of Jesus Christ we ordained brother Richard Currell to the office of priest in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"I should inform you that when the devil found he was defeated in brother Currell, he entered a sister, and kept coming in for several hours; as fast as one lot was expelled another lot entered; at one time we counted twenty-seven come out of her. When we rebuked them, they would come out, but as soon returned again. . . . We cast them out thirty times, and had three hundred and nineteen devils, from three to twenty-seven coming out at a time.

"I shall feel obliged for any instructions you can give me on this subject. Yours, THOMAS SMITH."

From the above it appears that the persons out of whom, it is pretended, the devils were cast were believers. Can a single instance be adduced from the New Testament in which either Christ or his apostles wrought this description of miracle on believers, much less on church officers? Was it not the wicked who were possessed in those days? The Mormonites profess, first to baptize for the remission of sins, and then to impart the gift of the Holy Ghost by laying on of the hands of the priesthood; and the person whose sins are remitted, and who has been made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, can then be dispossessed of evil spirits. It appears, however, quite uncertain whether it will be the Divine or an evil spirit that will be communicated. In Currell's case, "as soon as the elders laid their hands on him, the devils entered him." In the next place, it is evident that the police had greater power over the devils than the elders; for, while it required a number of brethren to take Currell to Coventry, two policemen were quite sufficient to convey both the possessed and the dispossessor to the station-house.

The Mormonites adduce many instances in proof of their possession of the gift of miraculous healing. The following are given:—A preacher of the name of Westwood, writing in the first number of the ninth volume of the "Millennial Star," says, "A woman in the Wesleyan connexion, of the name of Richardson, who has had a running disease of the legs for some years, heard me preach once. She told her friends she was sure I was a servant of the Lord, and such was her faith that if she could but touch me she should be healed; she obtained her desire, and is healed. Still she has not obeyed the gospel, but has turned round, persecuting those who would obey, and those who witnessed the miracle of healing imbibed the same spirit as those in the days of Christ, when they said, 'He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils.'"

In a communication from Huddersfield, mentioned in the same publication as the above, a Mormon preacher says, "On Sunday, the 3rd December, 1848, I was seized with cholera of the most virulent kind, in which I laboured in a most painful condition for some time, until the elder was relieved from preaching, at seven at night, and who, being called on, then came to my assistance, joined in prayer, and then anointed me with oil; and when the brethren laid on their hands, I was immediately restored." "On Sunday, the 16th December, sister Morrison was seized with the same complaint; whereupon I was called to attend her. I administered the ordinance night and morning, and she was also healed."

It is worthy of remark that the persons on whom the alleged cures were wrought were, with one exception, Mormonites. Mrs. Richardson was a Wesleyan; and if, in her case, the cure was really effected, we can hardly suppose it possible for her to have hesitated to identify herself with a church whose ministers possessed such virtue that only to touch them was a certain cure for sore legs of many years' standing; but Mr. Westwood informs us that she still remained an unbeliever, and, what is worse, became a persecutor. If it is really a fact that the miracle was wrought, why did not Mr. Westwood obtain the testimony of witnesses? for, according to his statement, there were witnesses of the miraculous healing; as it is, we have only his word for it. He tells us, moreover, that the witnesses of the miracle imbibed the same persecuting spirit as her on whom the cure was effected; therefore, we must

conclude either that the whole affair is a fabrication, or that he was wicked enough to assert that he could work a miracle, and presumptuous enough to make the attempt, and that, as a matter of course, he failed.

With respect to the miraculous cures of cholera at Huddersfield, it is sufficient to notice that they are said to have been wrought by Mormons upon Mormons, and before Mormons. Such testimony is utterly valueless.

The following account of an intended miracle is related by Mr. Tucker. It can be found in a volume published by Dr. Bennett, on Mormonism:—

"Towards the close of a fine summer's day, a farmer in one of the States found a respectable-looking man at his gate, who requested permission to pass the night under his roof. The hospitable farmer readily complied. The stranger was invited into the house, and a good and substantial supper placed before him. After he had eaten, the farmer, who appeared to be a jovial, warm-hearted, humorous, and, withal, shrewd old man, passed several hours in pleasant conversation with his guest, who seemed to be very ill at ease, both in body and mind; yet, as if desirous of pleasing his entertainer, replied courteously and agreeably to whatever was said to him. Finally, he pleaded fatigue and illness as an excuse for retiring to rest, and was conducted by the farmer to an upper chamber, where he went to bed. About the middle of the night the farmer and his family were awakened by the most dreadful groans, which they soon ascertained proceeded from the chamber of the traveller. On going to investigate the matter, they found that the stranger was dreadfully ill, suffering the most acute pain, and uttering the most doleful cries, apparently without any consciousness of what was occurring around him. Everything that kindness and experience could suggest was done to relieve the sick man; but all efforts were in vain; and, to the consternation of the farmer and his family, the guest expired in the course of a few hours.

"In the midst of this trouble and anxiety, at an early hour in the morning, two travellers came to the gate, and requested entertainment. The farmer told them that he would willingly offer them hospitality, but that just now his household was in the greatest confusion, on account of the death of a stranger, the particulars of which he proceeded to relate to them. They appeared to be much surprised and grieved at the poor man's calamity, and politely requested permission to see the corpse. This, of course, the farmer readily granted, and conducted them to the chamber in which lay the dead body. They looked at it for a few minutes in silence, and then the eldest of the pair gravely told the farmer that they were elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and were empowered by God to work miracles, even to the extent of raising the dead; and that they felt quite assured they could bring to life the dead man before them.

"The farmer was, of course, considerably astonished at the quality and powers of the persons who addressed him, and rather incredulously asked if they were quite sure they could perform all they proposed to. 'Oh, certainly! not a doubt of it. The Lord has commissioned us expressly to work miracles, in order to prove the truth of the prophet, Joseph Smith, and the inspiration of the books and doctrines revealed to him. Send for all your neighbours, that in the presence of a multitude we may bring the dead man to life, and that the Lord and his Church may be glorified of all men.'

"The farmer, after a little consideration, agreed to let the miracle-workers proceed, and, as they desired, sent his children to his neighbours, who, attracted by the

expectation of a miracle, flocked to the house in considerable numbers. The Mormonite elders commenced their task by kneeling and praying before the body, with uplifted hands and eyes, and with most stentorian lungs. Before they had proceeded far with their prayers, a sudden idea struck the farmer, who quietly quitted the house for a few minutes, and then returned and waited patiently by the bedside for a few minutes, until the prayer was finished, and the elders were ready to perform the miracle. Before they began, he respectfully said to them that, with their permission, he wished to ask them a few questions upon the subject of their miracle. They replied that they had no objection. The farmer then asked, 'You are certain you can bring this man to life again?'

"'We are.'

"'How do you know that you can?'

"'We have just received a revelation from the Lord, informing us that we can.'

"'Are you sure that the revelation was from the Lord?'

"'Yes, we cannot be mistaken about it.'

"'Does your power to raise this man to life depend upon the particular nature of his disease, or could you bring any dead man to life?'

"'It makes no difference to us; we could bring any corpse to life.'

"'Well, if this man had been killed, and one of his arms cut off, could you bring him to life, and also restore to him his arm?'

"'Certainly; there is no limit to the power given to us by the Lord. It would make no difference, even if both of his arms and legs were cut off.'

"'Could you restore him if his head had been cut off?'

"'Certainly we could.'

"'Well,' said the farmer, with a quiet smile upon his features, 'I do not doubt the truth of what such holy men assert; but I am desirous that my neighbours here should be fully converted by having the miracle performed in the completest manner possible; so, by your leave, if it makes no difference whatever, I will proceed to cut off the head of this corpse.'

"Accordingly he produced a huge and well-sharpened broad axe from beneath his coat, which he swung above his head, and was apparently about to bring down on the neck of the corpse; when, lo and behold! to the amazement of all present, the dead man started up in great agitation, and declared that he would not have his head cut off for any consideration whatever.

"The company immediately seized the Mormons, and soon made them confess that the pretended dead man was a Mormon elder, and that they had sent him to the farmer's house with directions to die there at a particular hour, when they would drop in as if by accident, and would perform a miracle that would astonish everybody. The farmer, after giving the impostors a severe chastisement, let them depart to practise their imposition in some other quarter."

That miracles were wrought by the old prophets, by Christ, and by the apostles, we firmly believe. As stated in a former paper, the design of miracles has been accomplished, and they have now ceased. They furnished Divine testimony to the authority of those who professed to be divinely commissioned; they were the Almighty's seal to the truth of the doctrines taught by those by whom they were wrought. God would never give his sanction to a lie. Mormonism is a palpable lie; it is as dishonouring to God as it is destructive to the souls of men.

Varieties.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The Exhibition is to be opened on Monday, the 1st of April, and the Imperial Commission will have a review of the Exhibition complete on Thursday, March 28.

MR. KEBLE'S PORTRAIT.—Our portrait is copied from a photograph, the history of which is explained in the following letter to the editor of the "Leisure Hour":—"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Keble's portrait was taken April 30, 1860, on a dry collodion plate, with an exposure of about 70 seconds in the open air, at his own porch-door, while his carriage was waiting to take me away. The dear old man had submitted with reluctance (as he had a great aversion to be 'made much of') to three or four experiments on the previous Saturday, but they were all failures, as he could not be induced to preserve a rigidity of feature necessary to so slow a process, but very alien to his genial play of countenance. I had not ventured to tax his patience and his sensitiveness any further, but gladly availed myself of his own proposal that I should try 'once more'; and the result (though produced under such various difficulties) is generally supposed to be the most agreeable photograph extant of our late Christian poet.—I am, yours faithfully, G. M. GORHAM.—Walkeringham Vicarage, Gainsborough."—[Copies of the photograph can be obtained from Mr. Gorham, being sold by him for the restoration of his own church.]

A BLIND CATTLE BREEDER.—The great event of last year in the Hereford world was the sale of the Stow herd, when Sir Thomas, a seven-year-old bull, realized 390 guineas, the highest sum ever made by a "red-with-white face." The greatest price on record for a Hereford is—on the authority of Mr. Duckham—£588, and this was a "red-with-mottled face," nearly half a century ago. One of the most remarkable facts in the history of cattle-breeding is the formation of the Stow herd by the late Mr. Monkhouse, who was totally blind for upwards of thirty years. His judgment of form and quality was almost, if not quite, unerring, and his recognition of animals was most surprising; for he has been known to go through herds, and then many months, or even years afterwards, has found certain of the animals by touch, and called them by their names. This fine old man, a native of Cumberland, and brother-in-law of the poet Wordsworth, was stout and hale in frame and clear in intellect at the age of eighty-four, "alike upright in stature and in dealings," and, in accordance with the benevolence which characterized his whole life, he left £200 each to five of his old servants. Mr. Monkhouse was an example of most successful judgment employed to test the perfections and demerits of cattle by the use of the hand only.

THE "OLD LONDON STONE."—A report was lately made to the Court of Common Council relative to the adoption of measures for the protection of the old London Stone, now built within the wall of the church of the parish of St. Swithin. They had had an interview with the rector and churchwardens of the parish, from whom they ascertained that the parish had had possession of the stone for the last century at the least, and that they claimed the right to it. The rector, having expressed, on behalf of the parish, every anxiety and determination to preserve the stone from injury, the committee recommended that no further interference should take place on the part of the court.

AMERICAN FINANCE AND DEBT.—During the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1865, the last year of the war, the public debt was increased 941,902,537 dollars, and on the 31st of October, 1865, it amounted to 2,740,854,750 dollars. On the 31st day of October, 1866, it had been reduced to 2,551,310,006 dollars, the diminution during a period of fourteen months, commencing September 1st, 1865, and ending October 31st, 1866, having been 206,379,565 dollars. In the last annual report of the state of the finances it was estimated that, during the three quarters of the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, the debt would be increased 112,194,947 dollars. During that period, however, it was reduced 31,196,387 dollars, the receipts of the year having been 89,905,905 dollars more, and the expenditure 200,529,235 dollars less, than the estimates. Nothing could more clearly indicate than these statements the extent and availability of the national resources, and the rapidity and safety with which, under our form of government, great military and naval establishments can be disbanded, and expenses reduced from a war to a peace footing. During the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1866, the receipts were 558,032,620 dollars, and the expenditures 520,750,940 dollars, leaving an

available surplus of 37,281,680 dollars. It is estimated that the receipts for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1867, will be 475,061,386 dollars, and that the expenditures will reach the sum of 316,428,078 dollars, leaving in the Treasury a surplus of 158,633,308 dollars. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, it is estimated that the receipts will amount to 436,000,000 dollars, and that the expenditures will be 350,247,641 dollars; showing an excess of 85,752,359 dollars in favour of the Government. These estimated receipts may be diminished by a reduction of excise and import duties; but, after all necessary reductions shall have been made, the revenue of the present and of following years will doubtless be sufficient to cover all legitimate charges upon the Treasury, and leave a large annual surplus to be applied to the payment of the principal of the debt. There seems now to be no good reason why taxes may not be reduced as the country advances in population and wealth, and yet the debt be extinguished within the next quarter of a century.—*President Johnson's Message.*

POPULATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—At the last census, the enumeration, being taken for the night residents only, gave little more than 100,000 as the population of the City. Steps were therefore taken to obtain a census of the number of persons engaged, occupied, or employed daily in business in the City of London, and also of the number of persons resorting to the City daily. The following is the result:—

| | |
|--|---------|
| 1. The night population (City and Liberties), consisting chiefly of caretakers of property and the humbler population | 113,387 |
| 2. The mercantile and commercial population engaged in the City daily (not included in the above) | 170,133 |
| 3. The total day population residing in the City | 283,520 |
| 4. The number of persons resorting to the City daily (in 16 hours), not included in the above, being customers, clients, and other frequenters | 509,611 |
| Total persons frequenting the City daily:— | |
| In 12 hours (6 a.m. to 6 p.m.) | 549,613 |
| In 16 hours (5 a.m. to 9 p.m.) | 679,744 |
| In 24 hours | 728,986 |

IMPROVED INDUSTRIAL DWELLING COMPANY.—Several companies are now engaged in the useful service of providing house accommodation for the industrial classes, at a low rent, and yet with a good return (5 per cent.) to the shareholders. This company, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Waterlow, has now five blocks of buildings, which cost about £40,000, and are occupied by 280 families, or between 1400 and 1500 individuals. The directors, auditors, and solicitor give their services gratuitously.

LANCE AND HAYDON.—In the Memoir of this admirable painter of fruit ("Leisure Hour," No. 774), though the account of his turning to that branch of the art is generally correct, I am able to narrate the exact circumstances of Lance's change of pursuit. He was a pupil of poor Haydon; and it was by the advice of his master that he abandoned the grand style for the humbler walk in which he so richly shone. It occurred thus: One morning he was late in arriving at Haydon's studio, and, explaining the why, showed a drawing he had been tempted to make on his way, of some fruit on an apple-stall. Haydon was struck by the talent indicated, and recommended him to follow up the evident bent of his genius. He did so, and in a few weeks entirely adopted the new course pointed out to him by his gifted instructor. This statement is due to the memory of that ambitious and unfortunate artist; and it may add to our regret, when I record that, but for the delay in the reception of a letter, in all human probability the dreadful termination of his life would have been prevented. Haydon had written to an excellent friend, who had before extricated him from similar pressures on his seething brain, and the letter was delivered on his landing from the Continent. He hastened to answer it, but, alas! it was too late. Insane delusions prevailed, and the fatal catastrophe ensued. W. J.

AMERICAN PATENTS.—During the year ending September 30, 1866, 8716 patents for useful inventions and designs were issued in the United States.

ADVOCATE AND JUDGE.—In a speech as President of the Photographic Society, Sir Frederick Pollock, lately Lord Chief Baron, said "it was a great relief to his mind, when, being an advocate, he was made a judge, so that, instead of trying to make a jury believe that the plaintiff or defendant was right or wrong, he had simply to find out the truth."